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NEWS OF BATTLE: A WOUNDED SOLDIER RETURNING FROM MESSINES RIDGE TELLING COMRADES HOW THE DAY IS GOING.

During a battle the first news as to the fortunes of the day is usually brought to those in the rear by wounded men who have dropped out of the fight and returned to have their injuries dressed. Here, for example, an Australian soldier, wounded in

the right arm, is relating his experiences to a group of men in a trench behind the fighting line. With his left hand raised to lend the emphasis of gesture to his words, he is evidently giving them a vivid account of the day's work.

AUSTRALIAN OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH.

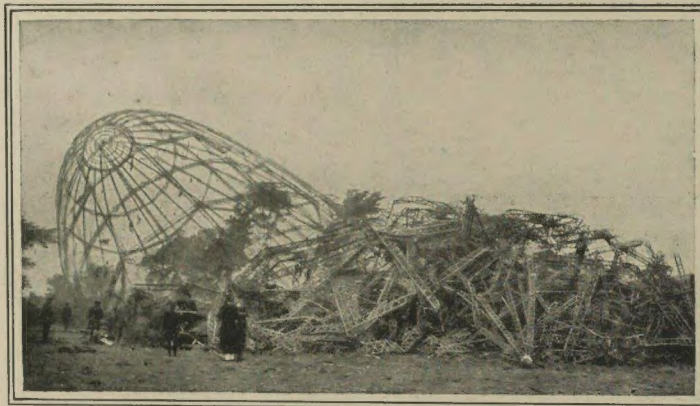


By G. K. CHESTERTON.

A PHRASE was used in connection with the gloriously direct and democratic action of the Seamen's Trade Union in the case of the international delegates—a phrase which points like a finger to one of the recurrent weaknesses, I might say one of the running sores, of the great country to which we belong. A hope was expressed by somebody that the patriotic Trade Union, "having made its protest," would then assist the delegates to cross the sea, and say or do whatever they chose. This is very typical of English human nature, and has, I have no doubt, often happened before in English history. Queen Elizabeth was probably told by somebody that having, by the act of riding about on a big horse in a magnificent costume, made her protest against the Spanish claims, she might very well reconcile herself to making no further resistance to the Spanish Armada. The soldier who arrested Guy Fawkes, doubtless, had it explained to him that, having made his protest by tapping that enthusiast on the shoulder, he might very well allow the rest of the enthusiast's plan to proceed without interruption. And if some ingenious Prussian professors of physics or geology should have discovered a way of causing these islands to sink slowly towards the bottom of the Atlantic, there would doubtless be time to make a distinct and definite protest, before we abandoned ourselves to watching their proceedings with a detached and scientific interest. But there would still be some, I fancy, who would obstinately maintain that their object was not protest but practice. They would still think it possible for men to desire, not merely to say that something is harmful, but to prevent it from doing harm. It is quite true that the Trade Union protest was intrinsically sufficient to discredit any delegates who should pretend to be talking in the name of British democracy. It is true that wherever such a Socialist leader went, he would have this comic story clattering behind him, like a tin can tied to a dog's tail. But people who happen to think a Pacifist a mad dog, even if well-meaning in his madness, would still be entitled to regard the dog as capable of communicating rabies; and to hold that a tin can is not a substitute for a muzzle, being commonly attached at the wrong end. Those who know that a misunderstanding can spread like a disease, may feel in the same way that protest, or medical notification, is a very poor substitute for quarantine.

When we justly praised (in the past) our own liberty of speech, we should have remembered its peculiar character. With us, speaking was very like swearing—I mean, swearing of the incidental and spontaneous sort. It was done to relieve feelings, rather than to relieve wrongs. Speech was always spoken of as a safety valve; as pouring our emotions harmlessly into the air, as our chimneys pour our smoke. It was not an incitement to action, but rather a substitute for action. The French or the Irish held a meeting, and then marched on; the English held a meeting, and then marched home. This virtue in freedom, that it gets rid of anger, if not the causes of anger, has been connected with much in our national temper that is good, especially

its good humour. It is allied to that enlargement of the soul by laughter which is, perhaps, the noblest heritage of the English people. But it has its disadvantages; and in a crisis like the present, when all future history is being made before our eyes with blinding rapidity, it will be well to consider the more external and ultimate effects of our protest. It will be well to consider a protest as self-defence, and not merely as self-expression. It will be well, if I may translate it into the jargon of the German sophists, to consider its objective as well as its subjective value.



THE END OF A ZEPPELIN RAID: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE AIRSHIP BROUGHT DOWN IN EAST ANGLIA (ILLUSTRATED ALSO ON THE PAGE OPPOSITE).



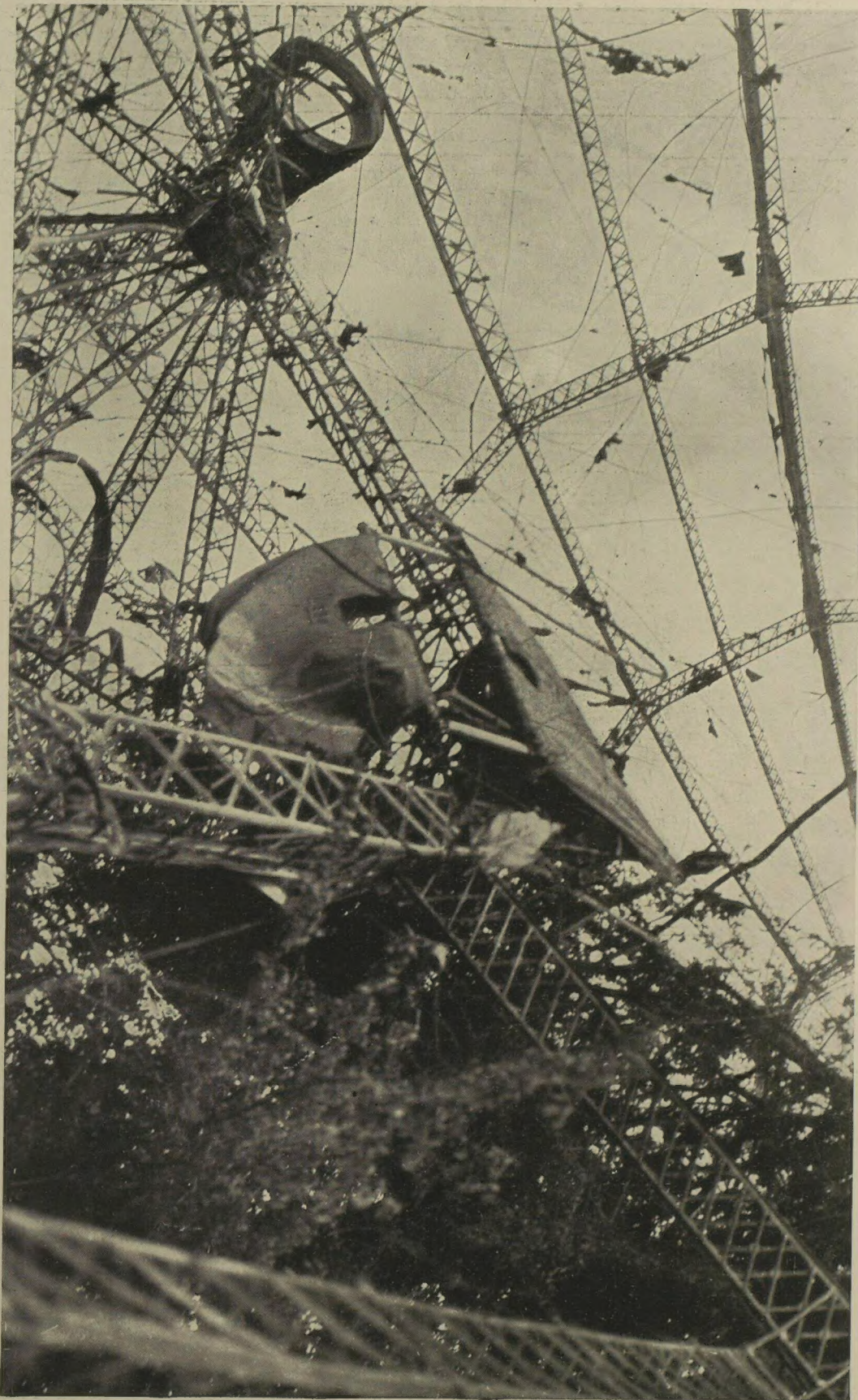
AFTER BEING BROUGHT DOWN IN FLAMES BY A PILOT OF THE ROYAL FLYING CORPS; WRECKAGE OF THE ZEPPELIN THAT RAIDED EAST ANGLIA.

In other words, we must reconcile ourselves to the idea of popular national sentiment becoming positive and creative; bearing arms like a Crusader as well as merely bearing witness like a martyr. For, quite apart from the particular quarrel I have taken for a text in the first few lines of this article, the whole huge issue of peace and war now before the world really resolves itself into the same thing. The whole war, and therefore, the whole world, may yet go wrong at the last moment. If it does, it will go wrong on this which I may call the fallacy of the protest.

The notion at the back of the brains of the better people who would conclude the war by compromise is this notion. It's the notion that we have made our protest against Prussia and Prussianism; and that our protest, being undoubtedly honourable and memorable, must remain and make a difference to

everything. Unfortunately, the question is, whether it has made a difference to the Prussian; and the question is, as the Prussian would say, objective. Now, the Prussian is exceedingly well acquainted with protests. Prussia was born under protest, so to speak. She grew up under protest; she grew powerful under protest; she achieved every single success of history under protest. If the testimony of men appealing to a truth as plain as the sun at noon; if the witness of martyrs to a faith which was also a fact; if the cry of princes and peoples despoiled of land indubitably theirs; if the curse of captives and exiles who still hopelessly asserted what had been shamelessly denied; if the malediction of mothers and children and the wrath of all who are desolate and oppressed;—if these were able to stop the mechanical march of Prussia, that march would have been brought to a standstill a few years after its start. Austria protested against the raiding of Silesia, effected without the shadow of a grievance or even the formality of a declaration of war; but Prussia remained in possession of Silesia, because the Powers leagued against her did not press home their protest to a practical victory. Poland protested against being torn into three pieces; but Poland was torn into three pieces, because the Poles were not strong enough to press home their protest to a practical victory. Denmark protested against the stealing of Danish provinces; but Prussia had the Danish provinces, because Prussia had the practical victory. France protested against the stealing of French provinces; but Prussia had the French provinces, because Prussia had the practical victory. The French provinces themselves protested, in popular declarations of imperishable dignity and spirit; but Prussia never cared for anybody's dignity and spirit—no, not even for her own. If the incessant hammering of human experience can knock any historical fact into our heads, it is the fact that Prussia will be wholly and utterly unaffected by any moral rebuke, in a war waged on her by civilisation. If all the nations of the world went to war with her, she would not remember the protest unless it were to boast of it. If all the angels in heaven went to war with her, it would affect her conscience merely as a compliment. Humanity has discovered this fact about her, as humanity discovers the habits of a wild animal; and this animal is at once too wild and too tame to have anything at all except habits. A powerful German Empire cares as little about protests as promises: it believes in what are called facts, and has never had the soul to understand that ideas are among the first of facts. To deal with such a thing at all we must translate our own ideas into facts; and the one fact the Prussians will understand is military defeat. When the whole military power of the Potsdam monarchy is ruined past all possible repair, then it will begin gradually to dawn on them that humanity has made some sort of moral protest. Anything short of that is for us mere self-deception; the pretence that the enemy sees a picture which we see in our own mind. The right ending of the war will do universal good; anything less than that will have done no good at all.

BAD DAYS FOR GERMAN AIRCRAFT: A DESTROYED ZEPPELIN.



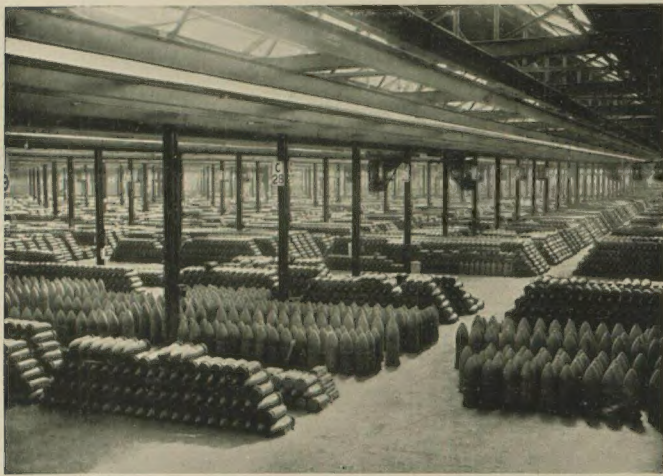
"THIS RAIDER . . . WAS BROUGHT DOWN IN FLAMES BY A PILOT OF THE ROYAL FLYING CORPS": THE WRECKAGE.

Although German aircraft have committed outrages on our civilian population, they have suffered heavy losses. Within one week were destroyed two Zeppelins and two German seaplanes, while 22 German aeroplanes were brought down at the front, and 21 driven down out of control. Again, on June 18, Sir Douglas Faig reported 10 German machines brought down and 5 others driven down out of control. Regarding the fate of the Zeppelin seen in the above photograph (one of the two that came over in the early hours of

June 17), Lord French stated: "The second raider made an attack on a coast town of East Anglia at about 2.30 a.m. She was heavily shelled by the guns of the anti-aircraft defences and was driven off. It is probable that she was damaged by gun-fire. Shortly afterwards, this raider, after dropping a number of bombs in open places, was engaged and brought down in flames by a pilot of the Royal Flying Corps. The airship was destroyed. No casualties or damage were caused in East Anglia."

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S NORTHERN TOUR: AT A SHELL-FACTORY.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY C.N.



INSPECTED BY THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT: A HUGE VISTA OF SHELLS.



AMONG PROJECTILES OF HEAVY CALIBRE: THE DUKE EXAMINING SOME 12-INCH SHELLS.



THE DUKE WATCHING WOMEN AT WORK: THE ARRIVAL OF SHELLS IN THE STENCILLING-SHED.



STENCILLING SHELLS ALMOST AS TALL AS THEMSELVES: WOMEN MUNITIONERS BUSY IN A FACTORY VISITED BY THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.



A NECESSARY PRECAUTION: THE DUKE'S SPURS REMOVED BEFORE VISITING THE "DANGER ZONE."

While the King and Queen were visiting the shipyards and workshops of the North-East Coast, the Duke of Connaught made a tour of inspection in the Northern Command, beginning at Lichfield on June 12 and ending on the 17th. He inspected a large shell-filling factory in Nottinghamshire, accompanied by Prince Alexander of Battenberg and General Sir John Maxwell, Commander-in-Chief of the Northern Command. The factory is one of the largest of its kind, occupying 200 acres, and one roof alone covers 9 acres.

It employs nearly 10,000 hands, including 4000 women. The Duke afterwards went to Welbeck Abbey as guest of the Duke and Duchess of Portland, and inspected some troops there. On June 15 he arrived at York, and stayed with Sir John Maxwell at Dringthorpe. After visiting the N.C.O. school of instruction at the Infantry Barracks at York, he left for Bridlington, Scarborough, and North Yorkshire coast stations. At Marton Hall, near Middlesbrough, he inspected the North Riding Volunteers and presented decorations.

The Campaign in Palestine: Cavalry Advancing, and Engineers Improving the Wadi Crossing.



WHERE A SUCCESSFUL RAID RECENTLY TOOK PLACE, WHILE THE GENERAL SITUATION HAS REMAINED UNCHANGED: CAVALRY AND ENGINEERS ON THE BRITISH FRONT IN THE HOLY LAND.

Since the battle of Gaza, up to the time of writing, no actions on a large scale in Palestine have been reported, though minor engagements have occurred from time to time. On June 13 the War Office issued the following statement: "The situation remains unchanged. On the night of the 11th-12th an enemy post was successfully

raided, resulting in the capture of 11 prisoners and a machine-gun. Our raiding party returned without casualties." On June 6 the War Office announced regarding the Syrian campaign: "The situation remains unchanged, but . . . our aviators have successfully bombed the enemy camps at Gaza, Hareira, and Beersheba." — [Photograph by C.N.]

In a Haven of Peace: The Grave of Major William Redmond in a Convent Garden.



DECORATED WITH FLOWERS BY THE CHILDREN OF THE VILLAGE: MAJOR REDMOND'S GRAVE IN THE NUNS' GARDEN AT LOECRE.

After he received his mortal wounds in the battle of Messines Ridge, during the Irish attack on Wytschaete Wood, Major Redmond was taken to an Ulster Division field hospital, but he died within a few hours without recovering consciousness. His body was brought to the little village of Loecre, some miles behind the fighting line, and was

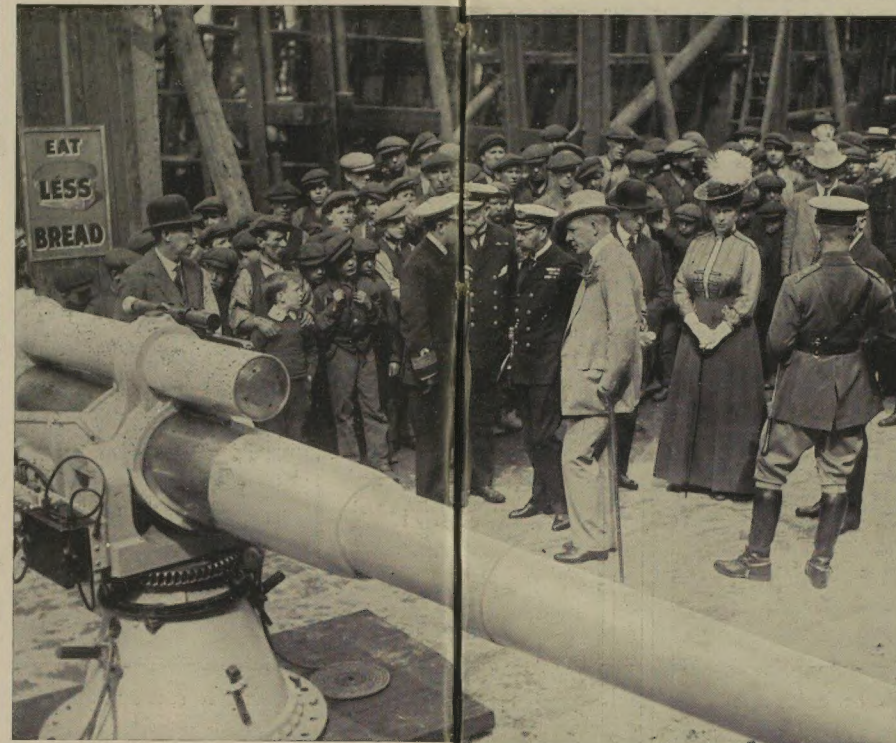
buried in the private garden of the convent there, near a statue and grotto in honour of Our Lady of Lourdes. The chaplains of the Irish Division and the Ulster Division conducted the service, and the children of the village decorated the grave with flowers. A farewell volley was fired by men belonging to the two Divisions.—[Official Photograph.]

"WE WILL DELIVER THE SHIPS": THE KING AND QUEEN AMONG THE SHIPBUILDERS OF THE NORTH.

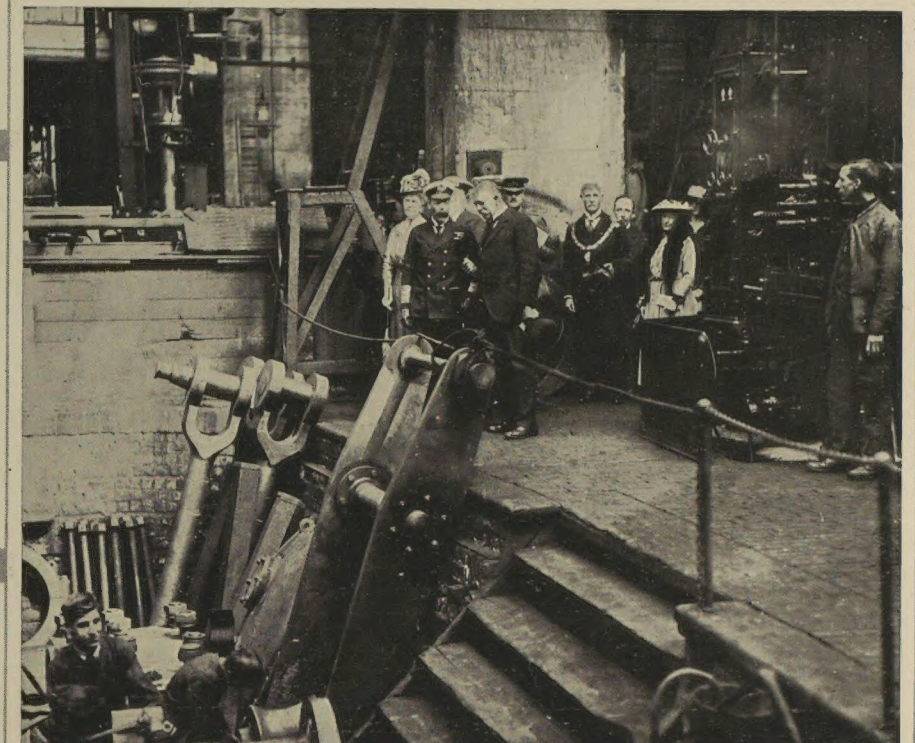
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL PICTURES, C.N., AND L.N.A.



THE KING'S WISH TO SEE WORK IN FULL SWING: THEIR MAJESTIES WATCHING A MECHANICAL OPERATION.



INSPECTING A GUN INTENDED FOR ARMING A MERCHANT-SHIP: THE KING AND QUEEN DURING THEIR RECENT TOUR.



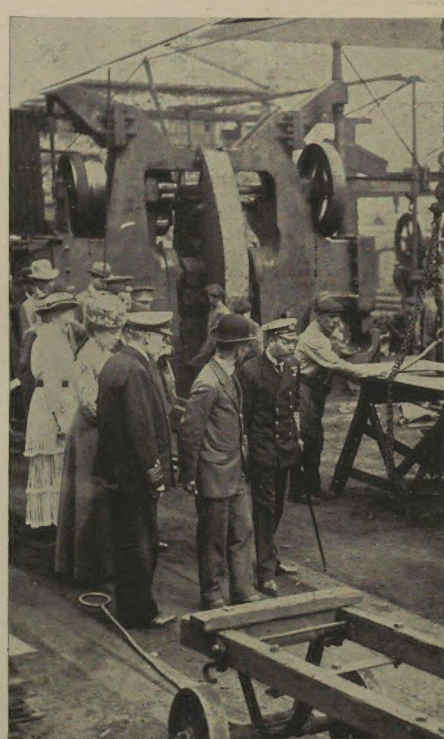
THE ROYAL TOUR ON THE NORTH-EAST COAST: THE KING AND QUEEN IN ONE OF THE WORKSHOPS WHICH THEY VISITED.



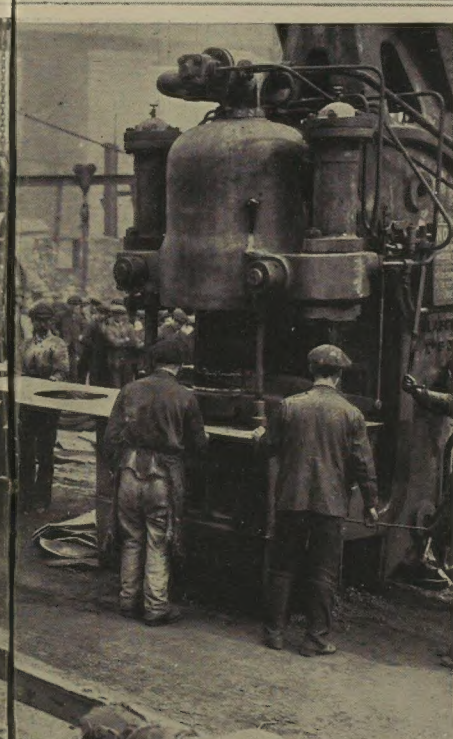
A MUNITION-GIRL'S TRIBUTE TO THE QUEEN: HER MAJESTY RECEIVING A BOUQUET.



TAKEN DURING THE TOUR: KING GEORGE.



THE KING AND QUEEN AT SUNDERLAND: THEIR MAJESTIES WATCHING A DRILLING MACHINE AT WORK.



TAKEN DURING THE TOUR: QUEEN MARY.



CHATTING WITH A VETERAN: THEIR MAJESTIES AND AN OLD WORKMAN OF EIGHTY-FOUR.

The King and Queen left London for their five days' tour among the shipyards and munition workshops of the North-East Coast on the evening of June 13. In accordance with his Majesty's wish, all the works were in full operation under ordinary conditions during the royal visit, and there was a complete absence of ceremony. Their Majesties moved about among the workers, stopping here and there to chat to them, or to watch some mechanical process and inspect productions. As in their recent visit to the North-West, they received everywhere an enthusiastic welcome, and won all hearts by their kindly demeanour and lack of ostentation. On June 14, they visited Middlesbrough, Stockton-on-Tees, and the Hartlepools. At one place seven old workmen who were presented to them could boast an aggregate service of nearly 350 years. Some of these industrial veterans, with whom their Majesties talked here and

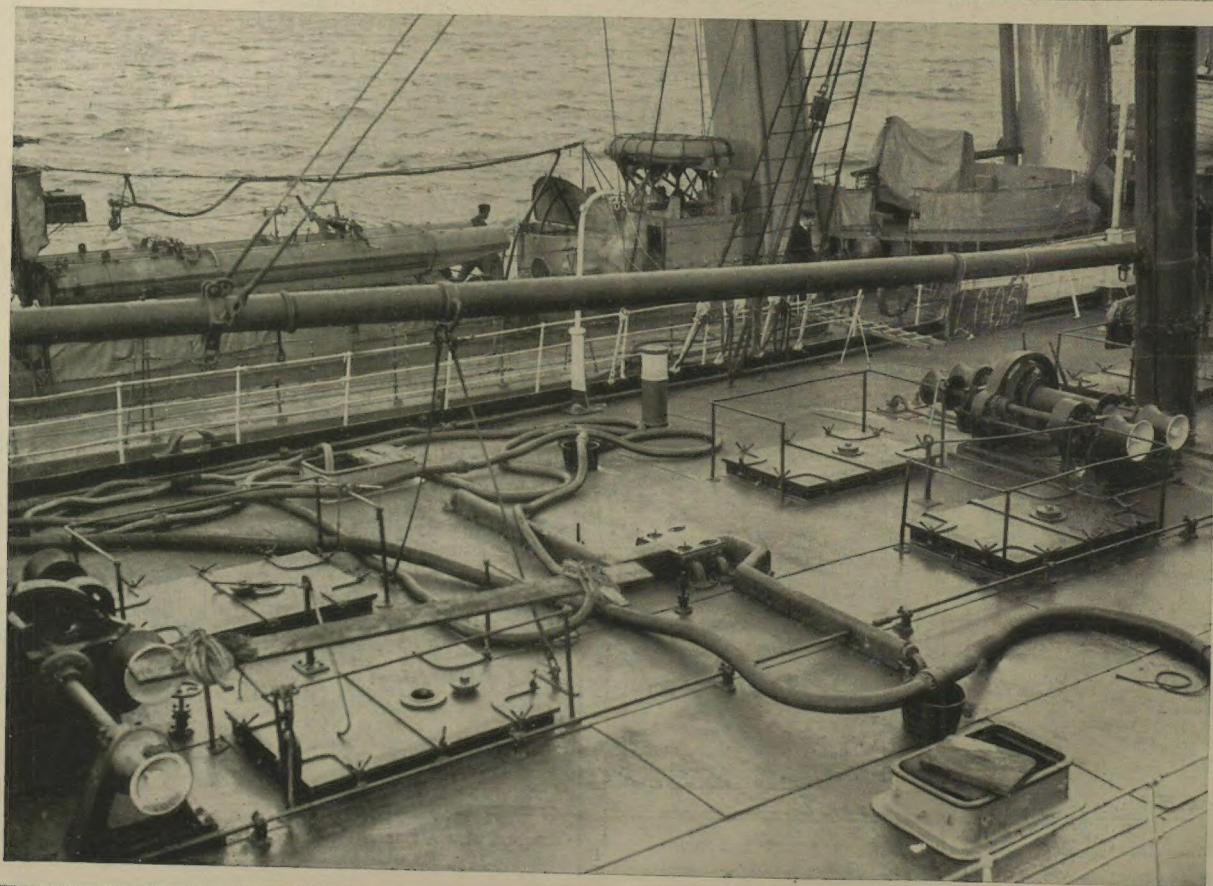
elsewhere, have returned to work during the war. Thousands of munition-girls in blue trousers and overall jackets joined in welcoming their Majesties. The King was wearing the service uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet. The second day of the tour was spent in and around Sunderland. At one Wearside shipyard the spirit of all the workers of the North was expressed in an inscription chalked on the hull of a cargo-boat—"We will deliver the ships." On June 16 their Majesties reached Newcastle, and saw the shipyards of Tyneside, including North and South Shields. On Sunday, the 17th, they attended service at Newcastle Cathedral, and the King held an open-air Investiture, as also at Hull, where the tour closed on the following day. Our photographs give some typical scenes out of many. On the return journey to London the royal train was escorted by three aeroplanes.

COALING AND OILING: WAR-SHIPS TAKING IN FUEL—OLD AND NEW.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



WITH THE BRITISH NAVY IN WAR-TIME: HOISTING COAL OUT OF A COLLIER TO REPLENISH A WAR-SHIP'S BUNKERS.



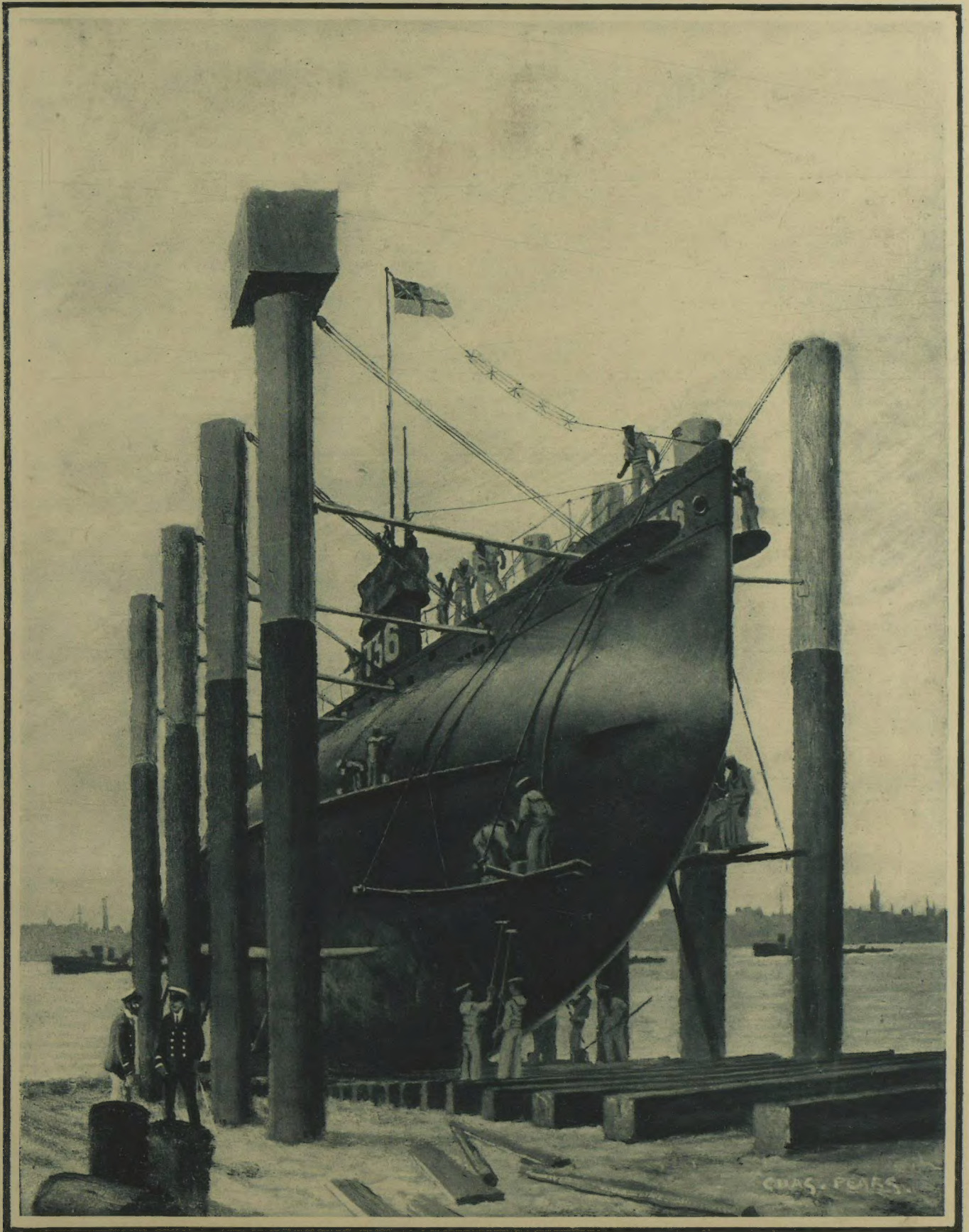
A CLEANER OPERATION THAN COALING: A DECK SCENE ON BOARD A BRITISH WAR-SHIP TAKING IN OIL FUEL.

Coaling ship has always been a grimy operation, necessitating afterwards much scrubbing of decks and general cleaning-up. Until the advent of the oil-engine, however, there was no alternative, and coal is still, of course, the principal fuel of the Fleet, although certain types of ships are now constructed for the use of oil. The above two photographs

provide an interesting contrast between the two methods of coaling at sea and "oiling" at sea. In the latter process there is a welcome absence of grime and a great saving of labour. All that is to be seen on deck is a number of coils of piping, their ends disappearing through apertures leading to the oil-tanks below.

ON AND OFF BETWEEN TIDES: A SUBMARINE'S WAR-TIME CLEANING.

DRAWN BY CHARLES PEARS.



A BRITISH SUBMARINE BEACHED ON A "HARD" TO HAVE SEAWEED CLEARED OFF HER, AND TO BE REPAINTED:
SCRAPING AWAY AS THE TIDE FALLS.

The locale is a certain "Hard," or shelving beach of firm mud and sand, such as often front fishing villages on the shore round the coast, and are used for hauling up small vessels, and in order to keep them high and dry. The term is an old one with the Navy. Long before Nelson's day small war-craft, such as sloops-of-war and ten-gun brigs, used to be floated ashore at certain "Hards" for treatment corresponding to that

the submarine shown here is undergoing. A submarine comes on the Hard at high water, and the work starts as the tide recedes. The weed is scraped off the lower hull, and an anti-fouling composition paint is then laid on. The work is so expeditiously performed that the submarine is away with the next tide. The value of this submarine toilet operation is especially felt in war-time.—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

SMOKE-SCREEN TACTICS AT SEA: BRITISH DESTROYERS MAKING A SCREEN.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



THE FIRST STAGE—PREPARING TO FORM THE SCREEN: EACH VESSEL BEGINNING TO SEND UP A DENSE PUFF OF TRAILING BLACK SMOKE.



THE SECOND STAGE—THE SCREEN COMPLETED: VESSELS STEAMING AT REGULAR INTERVALS FROM THE NEXT TO WINDWARD, AND SO MAKING A CONTINUOUS WALL OF SMOKE.



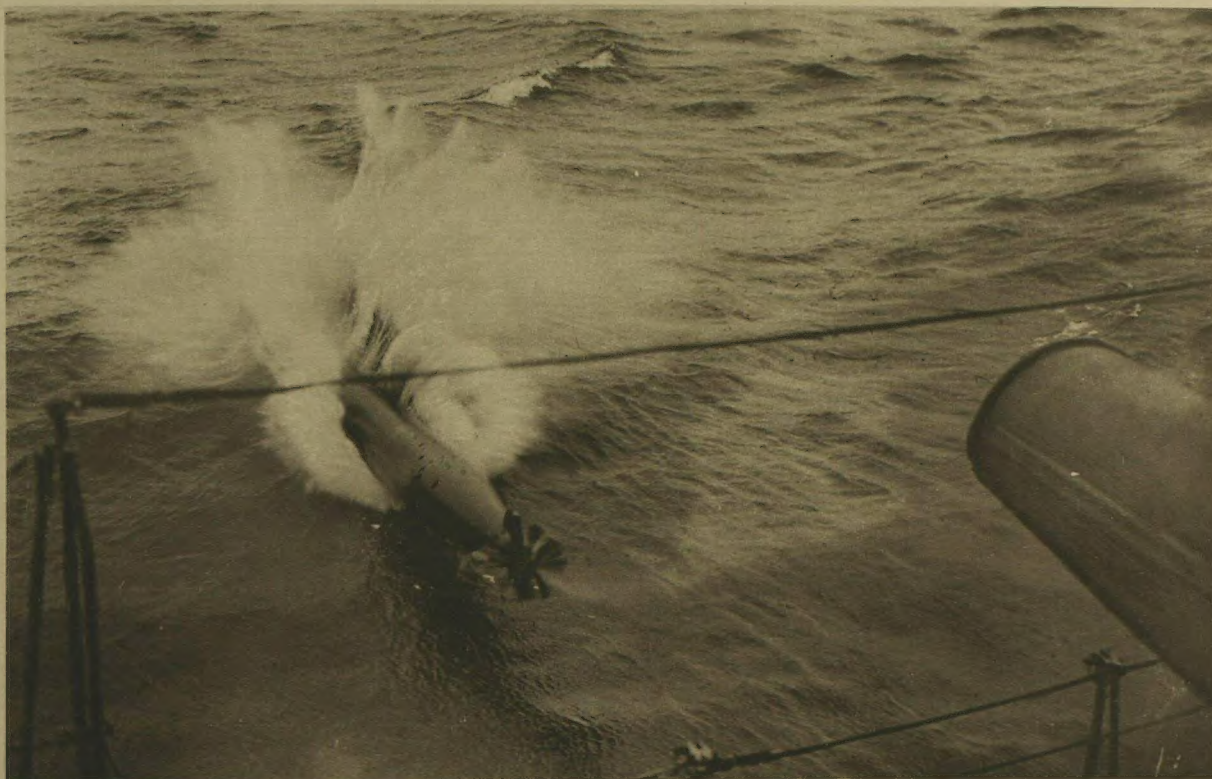
TACTICS AFTER THE SCREEN HAS BEEN FORMED: VESSELS MAKING A CHANGE OF COURSE AGAINST A HEAD SEA, TO ALTER THE POSITION OF THE SCREEN.

Smoke-screen tactics play an important part in action at sea, and consequently are often practised in the battle-formation exercises which some of our fleets and squadrons perform practically daily. Smoke tactics, it may be remembered, were largely made use of by the Germans, particularly at the Dogger Bank battle, in order to cover the larger vessels by smoke from their destroyers, and enable changes of direction to be effected as they made their escape. Another reason was to shroud their ships against the deadly accuracy of the British big-gun fire at long range. Destroyers and torpedo-boats generally attend to the smoke-screen making, and the oil fuel they carry makes the densest smoke possible

at the shortest notice. The first photograph shows two lines of destroyers starting to belch forth a screen of black smoke as they head to windward, two in one line being nearer and to the left. The second line of destroyers is seen on the horizon, from the centre to the right. The second photograph shows how a long trailing wall of smoke is maintained. Each vessel keeps at sufficient distance to connect her own fresh, thick smoke with that from her consort next to windward, where the smoke begins to thin. The third photograph shows screening destroyers altering course at high-speed against a high sea, so as to produce a screen of smoke on a new bearing.

GRAND FLEET BATTLE PREPARATIONS: TORPEDO - RUNNING PRACTICE.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



THE DIVE AS THE TORPEDO LEAVES THE SHIP ON BEING FIRED FROM ITS TUBE: ENTERING THE WATER—AS SEEN FROM THE DECK OF A DESTROYER.



COMING TO THE SURFACE AFTER ITS RUN, TO FLOAT TILL PICKED UP AND BROUGHT BACK: A "SPENT" TORPEDO FINISHING.

Torpedo-firing practice goes on as regularly with the smaller craft of the Grand Fleet as gunnery practice does with the larger battle-line units and cruisers. The first illustration shows a just-fired torpedo in the act of entering the water for its "run"—which may extend over some miles, to the extreme range-limit of our newer torpedoes. The torpedo dives, as seen, at a flat angle with the surface. It dips rapidly head-first—burrows, so to speak—to the depth at which it is to travel under water, which is regulated by

mechanism in the interior, connected with certain exterior rudders. It goes off first at a tremendous speed, which gradually slows down as the chamber holding the compressed-air that actuates the propelling machinery and tail screws becomes emptied. The gyroscope guides it. Finally, in practice runs, the torpedo comes to the surface, as shown in the second illustration, and floats till picked up by a boat from the firing ship and returned on board, to have its air-chamber re-charged and be got ready for further runs.

LIKE GENII RELEASED FROM THE FISHERMAN'S BOTTLE GIANT SMOKE-CLOUDS ON "A DAY FOR THE GUNS."

DRAWN BY S. BREGG FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN EYE-WITNESS.



AN EVENING ARTILLERY DUEL NEAR BAILLEUL: SHELL-BURSTS; AIRCRAFT; AND A

Our drawing shows the scene from the British front near Bailleul (in the right foreground, looking to north-east, during an evening artillery duel. In the left foreground is seen part of the railway to Lens, which is out of the picture to the left. Just beyond the railway a big German shell is bursting on the left near a super-refuge. In the background are Arleux and Fresnoy (on the extreme left), Oppy Wood (in the center, behind Bailleul, with the British front line near it), Neuville, and last, where a huge mushroom-shaped cloud is going up like a waterspout from the explosion of a German ammunition-dump. To the right of this are some German life-balloons descending near the road to Fresnoy, and above them are German "Archie" shells bursting under a British aeroplane. Other British aeroplanes returning are seen in the sky on the left, likewise shelled. Just to the right of the super-refuge is a German

GERMAN AMMUNITION-DUMP EXPLODING IN A HUGE CLOUD LIKE A WATERSPOUT.

observation-balloon descending in flames. Describing such a scene, Mr. Philip Gibbs writes: "It has been a day for the guns. . . . All our batteries were hard at work. . . . We were making a hell of it [i.e. Oppy] for any young German there. . . . To the left of Oppy is Arleux-and-Dadelle. . . . and to the southern side of it is the ruin of a super-factory too parts or so from the outskirts of Bailleul, an old grey place with broken walls and roofs and a railway station with a deep embankment. These places were targets for the German guns, especially Arleux and Bailleul railway station, and heavy 'crumps' came whining and then crashing and flung up clouds of black smoke, as black and big as the evil geni that came from the bottle and played the devil. . . . The sky above us then was full of the throbs and hum of aeroplanes." (Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

"HIS TROOPS PRESSED FORWARD UNDER A DESTRUCTIVE

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM

FIRE": A GERMAN COUNTER-ATTACK ON LOST TRENCHES.

MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN EYE-WITNESS.



REPELLING A GERMAN COUNTER-ATTACK BETWEEN GAVRELLE AND ROEUX: WAVES OF

Our drawing illustrates one of three German counter-attacks, made on the same day on captured trenches between Gavrelle and Roeux, being repelled by British artillery and machine-guns. A British advanced post, with a machine-gun, is seen in the foreground on the left, with some Germans, holding up their hands, coming towards it to surrender. On the right, beyond the road in the foreground, are the bodies of some Germans, marking the spot where their first wave of attack has been broken. Shrapnel is seen bursting overhead. A little further back is the second wave of German infantry, also under heavy shell-fire, with their right flank (towards the left in the picture) scattering. Behind them again is a third wave, advancing more slowly across the open. In the distance on the extreme left are faintly seen the roofs of Douai. A little further to the right is a farm with some German kite-balloons in the air. To the right,



ENEMY INFANTRY ADVANCING UNDER BRITISH ARTILLERY AND MACHINE-GUN FIRE.

again, is seen, between the smoke-clouds, the spire of Fresnes Church, and on the extreme right a wood, with some British aeroplanes flying overhead and shells from a German "Archie" (anti-aircraft gun) bursting in the air below them. A British official despatch describing a similar action in this locality, stated: "After a heavy bombardment of our trenches on both banks of the Scarpe, the enemy launched a powerful counter-attack on the north bank between Gavrelle and the river. His troops pressed forward under a destructive fire from our artillery and machine-guns. For a short period, by weight of numbers, the enemy forced back our advanced troops from their forward positions. Our counter-attack, however, immediately launched, regained all ground temporarily lost, driving back the enemy and inflicting on him exceptionally heavy losses. A number of prisoners remained in our hands."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE INFANTRY IN THE BATTLE OF MESSINES: BOMBERS AND LEWIS-GUNNERS AT CLOSE QUARTERS WITH THE ENEMY.

DRAWN FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN EYE-WITNESS.



AFTER THE BRITISH MINES HAD BREACHED THE GERMAN FRONT LINE: BOMBERS HOLDING A POINT OF VANTAGE AT MESSINES WHILST LEWIS GUNS ARE HURRIED UP.

As our drawing shows, the battle of Messines Ridge was not entirely a matter of mines and bombardment, although that part of it was of vital importance and rendered possible the infantry advance. When the troops went forward, they had hard fighting at various places. Here we see the infantry swarming up through the ruins of Messines after the German front trench system had been breached by the mine explosions. Bombers are holding a point of vantage while Lewis guns are being hurriedly brought into action. In the right foreground are seen Germans coming out of their dug-outs, some fighting and others surrendering. The ground is littered with debris—bricks and broken timber—and the bodies of dead and half-buried Germans. In the background is the smoke of the British artillery's barrage fire, clearing away in the centre, and rolling off towards the right. In an official account of the battle, it was stated: "Immediately upon the explosion of the mines, our guns opened and our

infantry assault was launched. Within a few minutes the enemy's first-line system was carried on the whole front attacked. Our troops then pressed on with scarcely a pause up the western slopes of the Messines-Wytschaete Ridge, and three hours after the commencement of the attack had stormed the entire crest from south to north. Shortly afterwards the whole of Messines was captured, and before midday the capture of Wytschaete village had also been completed after hard fighting." In distributing the credit for the victory among the various arms, Sir Douglas Haig spoke of "the incomparable dash and courage of the infantry." Mr. Philip Gibbs writes: "The Anzac troops had reached and captured Messines in an hour and forty minutes after the moment of attack, in spite of heavy fighting in the German trenches." Later, he speaks of "the exploit of the men of New Zealand in carrying Messines Ridge."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

"WE CARRIED OUT A SUCCESSFUL RAID LAST

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE FROM

NIGHT": A TYPICAL SCENE OF MODERN WARFARE.

MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN 'EYE-WITNESS.



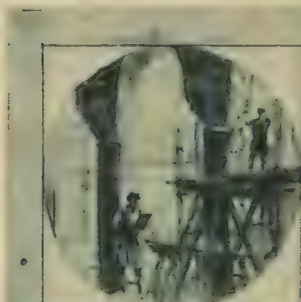
THE RETURN OF THE RAIDERS: A BRITISH BOMBING PARTY AT

Since the battle of Messines Ridge, various minor operations—local attacks and trench-raids—have taken place on the British front, as usual in the intervals between the larger actions. Thus, in an official despatch of June 15, Sir Douglas Haig stated: "Our troops attacked yesterday evening south and east of Messines and astride the Ypres-Comines Canal. The enemy's resistance was quickly overcome and the whole of our objectives were gained in both localities. . . . We carried out a successful raid last night north of Lens. Many Germans were killed in hand-to-hand fighting, and a few prisoners were taken by us. . . . We have also captured a few prisoners as a result of successful raids carried out by us east of Loos and in the



WORK IN GERMAN TRENCHES: AND BRINGING BACK PRISONERS.

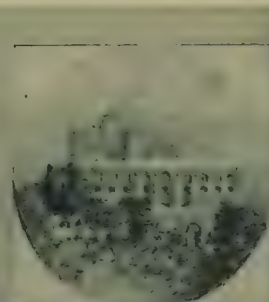
neighbourhood of the River Lys." The above drawing shows a typical scene at the close of a British raid on German trenches. In the foreground, where the earth has been all churned up, and the thick German wire torn by gun-fire, some German prisoners are seen being brought back by their captors. Behind, on the left, some British soldiers on a German trench parapet are still engaged in bombing dug-outs. In the background hangs the smoke of the British "box" barrage-fire covering the raiders, while in the sky are the flashes of German Very lights and S.O.S. signals, which are like fireworks falling in green, red, and golden rain.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



THE BUILDING OF ST SOPHIA AT THE BIDDING OF THE BYZANTINE EMPEROR, JUSTINIAN: AN ARCHITECTURAL VIEW.



THE SETTING-UP OF THE FAMOUS METROPOLITAN CHURCH OF THE GREAT ST. SOFIA AT CONSTANTINOPLE: JUSTINIAN INSPECTING A PLAN SHOWN TO HIM BY THE ARCHITECTS, ANTHIMIOS OF TRIPOLI AND ANTHIMIOS OF MILETUS.



BEFORE CONSTANTINOPLE WAS TAKEN BY THE TURKS IN 1453, A THE CHURCH BECAME A MOSQUE: ST. SOPHIA.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

ANTISEPTICS—OLD AND NEW.

NOTHING, perhaps, has been more marked in this war than the progress that has been made in the antiseptic treatment of wounds. Before the

yellow, and had been patented both here and in Germany by its German discoverers for that purpose. Why dyes should have an antiseptic effect is a subject about which it may be imprudent to dilate at present, seeing that the communiqué just mentioned says that this has been worked out by Dr. Browning,

crystal violet, Victoria blue, parafuchsin, and the like—and the benziline dyes in the treatment of sleeping sickness and other maladies caused by protozoa. Ehrlich showed some time ago that by injecting methylene-blue into the veins of a frog, one stained the nervous system of the parasites infesting its bodily cavity; and that within the cells of the living organism there were granulations which showed an affinity for staining with neutral red while others could only be dyed with pyrrhol blue. If this should turn out to be the base of Dr. Browning's discovery, it will be a notable case of learning from the enemy.

Meanwhile, it is curious to notice how German chemists, clever as they undoubtedly are, have more than once missed, in their eagerness to make commercial use of the dye-stuffs which they manufactured in consequence of Dr. Perkin's discovery, their application to other branches of science. Picric acid, which enters so largely into the composition of modern high explosives, was in the first instance known as a yellow dye like flavine; and it is quite possible that the investigations at present on foot may find other and more scientific application for these curious substances than that of staining clothing materials with the garish colours dear to the German eye. In this connection, too, it is pleasing to notice that we have already improved on the work of our German predecessors, and that "acrilavine," as the Medical Research Committee wishes that the new disinfectant shall henceforth be called, is not, as it would seem, an infringement of the German patent, but differs from the compound sold under this last in important particulars. As the same communiqué promises us yet another compound differing still more widely from, but more efficacious from the healing point of view, than the German-made substance, and has named it in advance, "proflavine," it would seem that in this, too, we have beaten the enemy with his own weapons. This should be a lesson to those who think that the study of science is useless unless capable of being turned immediately to commercial or money-making account, as well as to those who think nothing but evil can come out of war. By the stimulus that the present struggle has given to the brains of the men of science on both sides, it may even turn out that in the long run it has saved more millions than it has slain.

F. L.



THE SCIENCE OF DESTRUCTION AS APPLIED IN THE RECENT BRITISH VICTORY: PART OF THE BATTLEFIELD NEAR WYTSCHAETE.

Official Photograph.

fatal August of three years ago, it had been well-nigh abandoned in favour of what was rather pedantically called asepsis, or the exclusion of the possibility of any pathogenic germs reaching the wound. This was in the happy days when contused and earth-infected wounds were a rarity, and those coming under treatment were in nine cases out of ten caused by the surgeon's knife. From the very first, however, our gallant Allies the French—in this, as in other matters, more foreseeing than ourselves—were aware that the elaborate precautions of our hospitals in peace time could not be taken into the field, and provided all their soldiers with little tubes of iodine with which they were instructed to treat their own wounds as soon as received. Our own people were more inclined to trust to permanagate of potash—perhaps because of our familiar use of it under the name of "Condy's Fluid,"—until the supply of this ran short, and Sir Rickman Godlee, as was said in this column at the time, urged the return to Lister's methods and the use of undiluted carbolic acid. Then came in the many compounds disengaging chlorine in some form, such as the hypochlorites, or the mixture of chlorine and iodine compounds now in use at the Ladies' Hospital in Endell Street, and lately described here. And then it was suddenly announced that a wonderful dye-stuff had been discovered which, while acting perfectly as an antiseptic, produced none of the irritation and other local symptoms inseparable from the employment of what were, in effect, more or less strong caustics. In an official communiqué to the technical Press lately issued by the Medical Research Committee, it is said that there are now practically only two kinds of antiseptics in hospital use, one being the chlorine compounds, such as eusol and chloramine T., and the other, the dye-stuffs, such as the flavine, about which questions have been asked in the House of Commons.

This flavine is, however, by no means a new invention. Before the outbreak of the war it was known as a dye used for staining wool and other things

at the Bland-Sutton Institute, and promises a further communication upon it. But it may be said that the capacity of certain tissues of the body for taking stains has long been known as a method of research, and that malachite green, which is said to be one of the constituents of flavine, has been used like other members of the triphenylmethane series—



AFTER ITS CAPTURE BY IRISH TROOPS IN THE GREAT BATTLE OF MESSINES RIDGE: RUINS OF THE VILLAGE OF WYTSCHAETE.

Official Photograph.

"LIKE ENORMOUS POPLAR-TREES": A BRITISH MINE EXPLODING.

DRAWN FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN EYE-WITNESS.



SIMILAR TO THOSE CAUSED BY THE TERRIFIC UPHEAVALS AT MESSINES RIDGE: TYPICAL EFFECTS ON THE EXPLOSION OF DEEP SUBTERRANEAN MINES AT THE FRONT.

In his despatches on the battle of Messines Ridge, Sir Douglas Haig said: "At 3.10 a.m. nineteen deep mines were exploded simultaneously beneath the enemy's defences, by which large portions both of his front and support trenches, including extensive dug-out and mining systems, were completely wrecked." Our drawing shows typical effects produced by such upheavals, as seen from a distance of about half a mile. The huge mine-explosions

look like enormous poplar-trees. They seem to project themselves into the sky and remain silhouetted against the dawn for almost a minute. Then the earth trembles and heaves and, to the accompaniment of roar upon roar, the great columns of smoke roll away on the wind, while tons of debris descend in showers. Once more the German light signals soar up in frantic S.O.S.'s.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada]

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELWIN NEAME, NORMAN MAY, SEARER, BACON AND SONS, LAFAYETTE, STUART, KETURAH COLLINGS, AND EVES.



MAJOR MAURICE E. COXHEAD.
R. Fusiliers. Son of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Coxhead, Kensington. A fine and well-known all-round athlete.



CAPT. J. GORDON TAWSE,
R.F.A. Son of Mr. and Mrs. James Tawse, Homebank, Broughty Ferry.



LT. BERNARD HORNER,
Lancs Fusiliers. Only son of Mr. and Mrs. James Horner, of Stockport.



MAJOR C. W. BRITTEN
(late of Tientsin), R.F.A. Son of late Mr. Arthur Britten, and of Mrs. Britten, Harrow. Officially reported killed in action.



CAPTAIN W. J. FORSTER,
E. Lancs Regt. Son of Mr. J. W. Forster, Tunbridge Wells.



2nd LIEUT. R. H. GARRARD,
K.R. Rifles. Scholar of Exeter College, Oxford. Son of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Garrard, Northampton.

MAJOR ALASTAIR CEDDES, M.C.,
Croix de la Légion d'Honneur; R.F.C. Son of Professor and Mrs. Patrick Ceddes, of Edinburgh.



LIEUT. H. A. H. BREN,
Leinster Regt. Exhibitioner of Oriel College, Oxford. Son of Mr. H. A. Bren, Cheltenham.



CAPT. W. L. LOCKHART GORDON,
Canadian Contingent. Son of Mr. W. H. L. Gordon, Toronto.



MAJOR C. B. CORRIE IRVINE,
Bhopal Infantry. Son of the late Inspector-General G. J. Irvine, R.N. Died of wounds.



CAPT. SHERLOCK AMYAS WILLIS,
Middlesex Regt. Is officially reported as having died of wounds.



LIEUT. R. H. FINLAYSON,
Canadian Infantry. Son of Mrs. Finlayson, of Victoria, British Columbia.



2nd LIEUT. A. E. H. URMSTON WALTER,
Oxon and Bucks Light Infantry. Died of wounds.



2nd LIEUT. H. HILDAGE,
R.F.A. Scholar of Culus College, Cambridge. Son of Mr. Henry Hildage, M.I.C.E.



MAJOR H. E. COATES,
Liverpool Regt. Second son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Coates, of Eaton Road, Birkenhead.

LIEUT. G. L. BUTLER,
Lancs Fusiliers. Son of Mr. William Butler, of Barrow-in-Furness. Killed in action.



LIEUT. R. B. POWELL,
Canadian Infantry. A famous lawn-tennis player, well known at Wimbledon.

LT. GRAHAM W. CLAPHAM,
R.F.A. Son of Mr. Lawrence Clapham, F.R.C.S., of Thorney, Cambridgeshire.



LIEUT. F. G. PECKER,
King's Shropshire L.I. Eldest son of Major Pecker, Border Regiment. Died of wounds.

LIEUT. E. W. B. CHILDE-PEMBERTON,
The Hussars. Has been officially reported as killed.



2nd LIEUT. JOHN F. B. DELAP,
Yorkshire Regt. Son of the Rev. and Mrs. L. B. Delap.



LIEUT.-COL. ERSKINE MAGNIAC,
Punjabia. Son of late Major-Gen. Francis Lane Magniac, and of Mrs. Magniac, Clifton, Gloucestershire.

"LEFT": KING CONSTANTINE; AND THE SON NAMED HIS SUCCESSOR.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY STANLEY.



STATED TO HAVE TAKEN THE OATH AS KING ALEXANDER I:
PRINCE ALEXANDER OF GREECE.



IN THE UNIFORM OF A GERMAN FIELD-MARSHAL: KING CONSTANTINE,
WHO RECENTLY LEFT GREECE.



IN THE UNIFORM OF CHIEF OF THE PRUSSIAN GRENADIERS OF THE GUARD:
QUEEN SOPHIE OF GREECE, THE KAISER'S SISTER.



REPORTED TO HAVE LEFT ATHENS WITH HIS FATHER, KING CONSTANTINE:
THE CROWN PRINCE OF GREECE.

King Constantine left Athens recently, with the Queen, the Crown Prince, and other members of his family, and embarked on the yacht "Sphacteria" at Oropos. In his farewell message to Greece, King Constantine made no mention of abdication. "Yielding to necessity," he said, "accomplishing my duty towards Greece, and having in view only the interests of the country, I am leaving my dear country with the Crown Prince, leaving my son Alexander on the throne." Prince Alexander, who is King Constantine's second son (born in 1893), was reported to have taken the oath as King Alexander I. on June 12.

and to have subsequently issued a proclamation stating that he would carry out his father's mandate. Queen Sophie, who married King (then Prince) Constantine in 1889, is a sister of the Kaiser, and was formerly known as Princess Sophie of Prussia. Her eldest son, Prince George, the Crown Prince, was born in 1890. She and King Constantine have also a third son, Prince Paul, born in 1901, and three daughters—Princesses Helen (born 1896), Irene (born 1904), and Catherine (born 1913). Prince Alexander is unmarried. It was stated that the "Sphacteria" would sail direct to an Italian port.

NEW NOVELS.

"A Diversity of Creatures."

It has been said of Mr. Rudyard Kipling that he, of all the moderns, most exactly embodies the English genius. "A Diversity of Creatures" (Macmillan), then, shows us ourselves as we appear between the covers of a book, and, reading these odd, uncommon stories, it is easy to see why we remain so deep a mystery to the other nations. The male characters—certainly the most high-spirited ones—are almost to a man eccentrics. Are we to assume that we are a nation of eccentrics? Charles Dickens expressed himself to that effect half-a-century ago, and we laugh now at his types and call them caricatures; but the people in "A Diversity of Creatures" are no less freakish, if they are also no less human. They riot hilariously when they are pro-consuls on holiday; also they "rag" when they are Army subalterns—and for that, of course, we have chapter and verse enough outside a Kipling book. They cling stubbornly to tradition when they are south-country peasants, where again Mr. Kipling's pen emphasises the general conviction. They are, high and low, a decent people, and it is this decency that gives them a dignity their antics might otherwise be placing in some jeopardy. They talk a strange, elliptical tongue, indicating that they are spasmodically inarticulate—from choice, though, and not from natural causes. . . . There are other stories in the book, treating of pre-natal influence, of Indian soldiers, of a German influenza nightmare, and the Englishwoman who learned to hate—very grim and unpleasant the last. It is indeed a diverse collection, ranging far and wide, and sweeping many types of men and women into a great writer's wonderful net.

"At Whose Door?" "Vice-Versa," that instructive and moral tale, was also called, if we remember rightly, "A Lesson to Fathers," which

is, perhaps, the reason that Mr. Cosmo Hamilton has not used a similar sub-title in connection with "At Whose Door?" (Hurst and Blackett). His moral is as plain as Mr. Anstey's, and incidentally as productive of entertainment. The book is a very good story, briskly written, ringing the changes on the Old World and the New, and alive with strongly contrasted characters and a progress of young men and maidens. And all this, mark you, without losing sight of its definite

pitfalls. The Guthrie family was too simple-minded to see through Kenyon, the British sprig who sponged on them and did his best to debauch his good friend Peter; and Graham Guthrie fell into the hands of a harpy, and narrowly escaped destruction. There is a little too much chat of suicide, and the final scene between Peter and his father may be good melodrama, but it is bad psychology. On the other hand, the temptations of youth, explicitly defined long ago by King Solomon, are here reproduced with no little vigour, and Mr. Cosmo Hamilton is to be congratulated on the colour and vivacity of his new novel.

"Thorgils of Treadholt."

In "Thorgils of Treadholt" (Ward, Lock) we have Mr. Maurice Hewlett building up the portrait of one of the Scandinavian founders of the Anglo-Saxon race—presenting an imaginative study that uncovers the deep-laid, long-hidden foundation-stones of the British Empire. The story works out with a good deal of stubborn controversy, and much giving and taking of hard knocks; with exploration of lands unknown, and cultivation of the soil round the homestead; with rough voyages by sea and many hardships by land. Thorgils deserted the old gods for Christianity; and the old gods remembered it against him. He was the average man of his age, toughened and stiffened by circumstances, and his own firm and steadfast will. The tale will please young people, but it also contains matter for the reflections of older folk. Out of such a battle between the Norseman and the northern storms has been shaped not the least valuable part of the character of an Imperial race. Men who could win through as Thorgils won through were the progenitors of a breed still leaving its grooved mark on the history of the world. We take it that this is the lesson of "Thorgils of Treadholt," and, if not quite Mr. Maurice Hewlett at his best, it is at any rate a book that many novelists would be glad to have written. There are excellent illustrations by Mr. H. R. Millar, who can draw you a Viking to the life.



AT ONE OF THE BIGGEST MUNITION-WORKS OF ITS KIND NEAR LONDON: FIELD-MARSHAL THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT ON AN INSPECTION.

His Royal Highness was received by Mr. S. J. Waring and Mr. A. M. Joshua, and spent an hour and a-half inspecting the works. He chatted with many of the workers. On leaving, he complimented Mr. S. J. Waring on his great achievement in organising this enormous munition business, where 10,000 people are employed.

purpose. If the villain is a little too black, and we can find time to regret that the English aristocracy is once more in the pillory, the flapper and her boy, and pretty Betty and her true lover, are genial studies of human nature on its way to maturity. The motive of "At Whose Door?" is to show the dangers incurred by young people in modern life, when their parents fail to warn them of its

Thorgils won through were the progenitors of a breed still leaving its grooved mark on the history of the world. We take it that this is the lesson of "Thorgils of Treadholt," and, if not quite Mr. Maurice Hewlett at his best, it is at any rate a book that many novelists would be glad to have written. There are excellent illustrations by Mr. H. R. Millar, who can draw you a Viking to the life.

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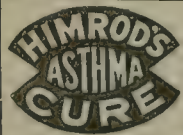
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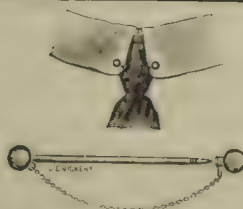
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"HUMPTY-DUMPTY," AT THE SAVOY.

It only because it permits us to see Mr. H. B. Irving play the barber, if only because it provides for Miss Mary Jerrold a most affecting and live character-part as a



THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE NORTH: THE QUEEN GREETING THE LITTLE SON OF THE LATE CAPTAIN ROY DUNFORD, D.S.O., AT THE INVESTITURE AT ST. JAMES'S PARK FOOTBALL GROUND, NEWCASTLE.

Photograph by L.N.A.

middle-aged mother unable to call her son her own. Mr. Vachell's stage-romance, which he styles "Humpty-Dumpty," is worth a visit to the Savoy. It is cheap romance though; hardly worthy of the author of "Fish-plinge," and there are too few touches of observation to excuse its artlessness. Choosing a subject that only novelette-readers would credit, Mr. Vachell has worked it out in novelette-manner: his own title should be a warning to the author not to repeat such an experiment. There is fun, to be sure, in the spectacle of the barber-Socialist transformed into a peer wearing his peer's robes at the wrong time, and finding it impossible to keep his hands off bald heads and unsatisfactory coiffures; and an artist of Mr. Irving's sardonic bent makes the most of such opportunities. And there are interludes of sentiment—the more artificial sort in the relations of the exalted Figaro with the sweetheart he has discarded, his shop-assistant Chrissie, to whom Miss Hilda Trevelyan lends all the piquancy of

her piquant personality; sentiment of the truer sort, in the scenes in which Miss Mary Jerrold's tender little mother figures. But, in point of fact, the acting is more of an attraction at the Savoy just now than the play, and that is very good, even in the less prominent parts: Mr. Holman Clark, for example. Miss Pollie Emery, Miss Fortescue, and Mr. Barry Baxter all leave their mark.

"HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR," AT THE NEW.

If, for the middle-aged playgoer, the revival of "His Excellency the Governor" recalls very pleasant memories, taking him back to days so secure that we could afford to laugh at our Services—military and civil alike—it is, fortunately, not one of the things likely to make our younger folk think poorly of the theatrical tastes of twenty years ago. It is fantasy, to be sure, this play of Captain Robert Marshall's, with a story as gossamer-like as the pollen of the aloes which gets into the heads of the denizens of Government House, and infects Governor, aide-de-camp, secretary, and travelling Minister, all with the fever of love; absurd nonsense; if you choose to take it so, yet engaging, delightful nonsense, which has kept its sparkle, and can still exhilarate. It can still exhilarate, perhaps, one should say, provided it obtains, as at the New Theatre, the right sort of high-comedy acting. No improvement was possible on the original casting of the three chief rôles, and both the play and audiences of to-day may be reckoned lucky in having Mr. Allan Aynesworth, Mr. Dion Boucicault, and Miss Irene Vanbrugh reappear as Governor, secretary, and siren respectively. Vivacity such as Miss Vanbrugh's naughty flirtatious Stella de Gex commands seems to make time stand still; Mr. Aynesworth is as courtly and suave as ever; and the transformation of Mr. Dion Boucicault's misogynist Bavastock into the minstrel of love has gained rather than lost in humour. The trio have the best of support: for Mr. Martin Lewis makes as smart an aide-de-camp as even modern

experience could demand; Miss Peggy Kurton's ingénue is as pretty as a peach; while Miss Mary Rorke, as a rather imposing widow, offers us one more instance of her reliable versatility.

"SMILE," AT THE GARRICK.

"Smile," as Mr. Albert de Courville calls his new Garrick revue, deserves its title. It is sure to provoke "miles of smiles." For at the same time that it obtains, from Mr. Frederick Chappelle, just the right sort of music, and is equipped with a plentiful supply of songs and dances, and pictorial effects, and can boast a most indefatigable as well as most attractive beauty chorus, it contains more than the usual amount of bright comment and satire on topics of the hour. The "star" turns are those of Miss Phyllis Bedells, whose dancing is as varied as it is graceful, and whose mimicry of Miss Unity More has both point and good-nature. But capital work is also done by the Irish



THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE NORTH: THE KING AND QUEEN TALKING TO MUNITION GIRLS AT STOCKTON.

Photograph by G.N.

comedian, Mr. Tom Stuart; by the American singer, Mr. Fred Deprez; by Mr. Robert Needham in his spectacular "Fireside Fancies"; and by Miss Lilian Coles and Miss Minerva Coverdale—all of whom can be guaranteed as producers of smiles.

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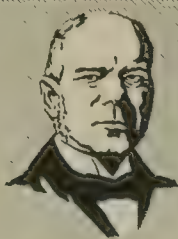
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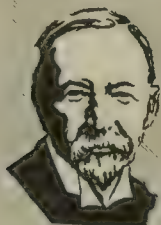
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LITERATURE.

Russia in War Time.

There have been many books on Russia of late; some have been sketchy and vague, others have been didactic, and yet others mystical. There have been books by journalistic globe-trotters, full of quips and cranks; and there have been the solid, stodgy works by superior persons, full of recondite knowledge, and mentally indigestible. Comparatively few have been of what one might call the plain-sailing order, giving a simple, unvarnished description of what the author has seen, and thus bringing home to the reader the scenes written about. It is the great merit of Mr. C. Fillingham Coxwell to have produced such a book. In his "Through Russia in War Time" (Fisher Unwin) he has resisted the temptation, which so many writers on Russia have found irresistible, of attitudinising and speaking at the top of his voice to a public too evidently despised. By not taking himself too seriously as a literary artist, and by refraining from posturing, Mr. Coxwell has succeeded in writing a straightforward and yet vivid narrative of his journey throughout the wide expanse of that interesting country, and in depicting sympathetically but truthfully the interesting people he met. In these days it has rather become the fashion to decry the Russians because they have gone farther than we wanted them to go. We wanted Russia to have liberty, but we did not want her to depose the Tsar or to cut sociological capers. The Russian people have bolted, as it were; they have taken the bit between their teeth, and have left us standing staring after them, wondering what precipice they are going to run down. But the Russian people at bottom are a shrewd and sensible people; they will soon find their heads, and then it is safe to say that they will surprise us once again, but in a different way. Mr. Fillingham Coxwell, in his most interesting book, brings this out very clearly, and shows us the solid foundation of commonsense on which the Russian character is based. Coming at this time, his work should be welcomed by all lovers of Russia; it will serve to reassure the doubters, and in any case it gives a true and faithful picture of the country. The illustrations are excellent: they are just what illustra-

tions should be—they serve to illuminate the text without distracting the attention from it.

"God the Invisible King." Both as an expression of his own religious belief, and as a statement of prevailing aspirations towards a simpler and universal religion, Mr. H. G. Wells's new book, "God the Invisible King" (Cassell), is at once arresting and stimulative. New ideas in religion have long been

principal Christian dogmas. In place of the Trinity, for example, he offers us the conception of a finite God—the God of the human heart, distinct from "the Veiled Being" who is the creator of the universe. This will probably be a stumbling-block even to many sceptics. Why, they might ask, exchange a mystical Trinity for an equally mystical Duality? And again, what becomes of the majesty of a divine King who is not infinite and omnipotent? Once admit limitations to the power and authority of God, and He is reduced to something but little higher than one of the old pagan divinities, a kind of glorified Apollo. These remarks suggest merely one aspect of Mr. Wells's book. In the short space at our disposal here it is impossible to traverse, or even summarise, his whole theory. It certainly deserves careful reading, even by those disposed to disagree, for it opens up by the way many new and alluring vistas of thought. Especially fruitful and suggestive are the passages outlining a kingdom of the earth with God as its Head, and also those discussing the moral duties of certain professions, such as the law and the priesthood, in this new service of God. At the same time, young and inexperienced readers, ardent for religious reform, may be warned against allowing themselves too hastily to be blown on the wind of new doctrine, and accepting as "gospel" all that Mr. Wells asserts. The book would be better used as an introduction to speculation in the light of current events.



WITH THE BRITISH NAVY IN WAR-TIME: SORTING LETTERS ON H.M.S. "IMPÉRIEUSE."
Official Photograph.

taking shape, both within and without the churches, and the present war, which has immensely increased the need for practical religious consolation, is also hastening the movement towards simplification and unification. Mr. Wells, from his own point of view, gives expression to some of these new ideas, and points out a way for their further development. His book will interest all who are interested in religion, but it will provoke opposition. Though his teaching is not at variance with the moral spirit of Christianity, he runs counter to some of the

passing of such an auspicious milestone in the life of a firm, the event was marked by the endowment by the directors of a ward in the Royal Infirmary, Glasgow, to be named the "John Macfarlane Ward," in memory of their father. This shows the national spirit with which our great business houses are nowadays imbued, and it is interesting to note that both Mr. Robert W. Macfarlane, and Mr. William W. Macfarlane are serving in the Army. The great business houses are showing an admirably patriotic spirit.



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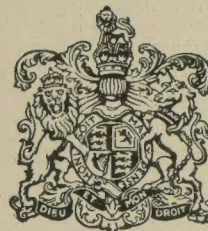
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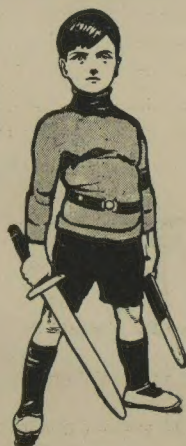
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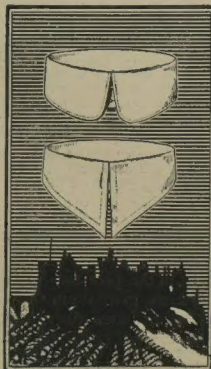
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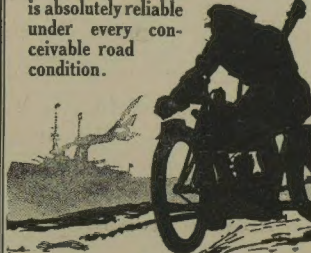
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Police and the Motorist. Many complaints have been made recently by owners of private cars that they have been stopped by the police in various parts of the country and informed that they would be prosecuted for using their cars for pleasure, although they have been using petrol allotted to them for ordinary motoring purposes by the Petrol Control Committee. As there is no order under the extremely comprehensive wording of the Defence of the Realm Act, nor any Act of Parliament, which makes it an offence to use privately owned cars upon which the car-license duty has been paid, or petrol upon which the tax and super-tax have been paid, for the purpose of pleasure motoring, the Editor of the *Light Car and Cycle-Car* has, he tells me, been in communication with the Home Office regarding these

Committee, and upon which all the due taxes have been paid. The following is the text of the letter referred to from the Home Office—

Sir,—In reply to your letter of the 4th instant, I am directed by the Secretary of State to say that no instructions have been issued from this Office for action by the Police otherwise than in strict accordance with the law. If it should be the fact that individual Police Officers have misapprehended the effect of the Regulations and exceeded their powers, parties aggrieved would have a legal remedy, but the Secretary of State can express no opinion on the question involved.—I am, Sir, Your obedient servant

(Signed) E. BLACKWELL.

It would be interesting to know, the Home Office having thus disclaimed responsibility, how the police activity, which seems to have been fairly general in the country, had its origin. Was it really a case of great minds thinking alike?

The Cleanliness of the Car.

Even in these times the careful owner likes to have his car as clean as possible. For washing down nothing beats a good sponge; but the difficulty is to get one that will not become slimy after use, and that does not hold the grit in its pores to the detriment of the paintwork. I have found a really good thing in rubber sponges—something quite new, and British-made as well. Hitherto, all these rubber sponges have come from Russia; but a recent discovery has made it possible to produce them here, and to make them far better as well as cheaper than the foreign sponge. The new sponge is called the "Sorbo," and is made by the Leeson Sponge and Rubber Company, Chiswick.

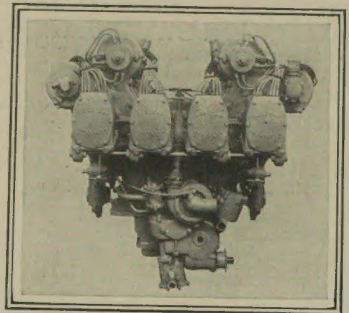
Good Tyre Service.

The North British Rubber Company have sent me a copy of a letter received from a user of Clincher tyres, relating to a 760 by 90 mm. plain cover which has been in constant use for two years and has covered a mileage of 13,321 miles. I don't know if this approaches a tyre-service record; but even if it does not, it is sufficiently

creditable by itself. No wonder the user expresses himself as satisfied!

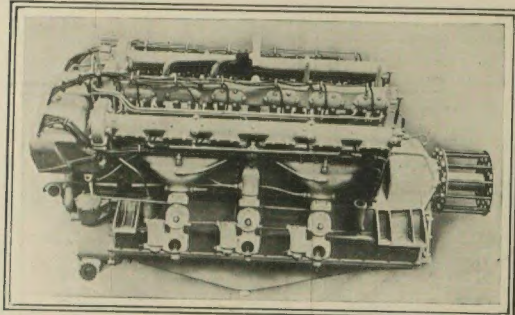
Fuel and Lubrication.

Motorists who are using paraffin, or any of the "substitutes" so much in vogue nowadays, will do well to remember that most of them have an adverse effect on



THE MAGNETO—END VIEW OF A SUNBEAM-COATALEN AIRCRAFT ENGINE.

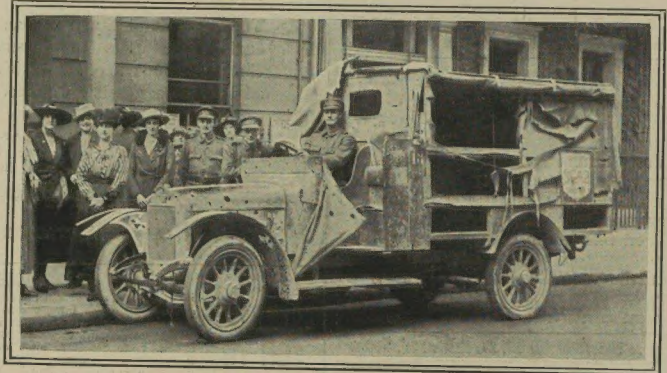
This magneto—end view is of the V-form 350 brake horse-power twelve-cylinder overhead-valve Sunbeam-Coatalen engine, wherein two independent sparking-plugs served with current from two independent magnetos supply the ignition to each cylinder.



AN INTERESTING MOTOR ENGINE: SIDE VIEW OF 475 BRAKE H.P. EIGHTEEN-CYLINDER WATER-COOLED OVERHEAD-VALVE SUNBEAM-COATALEN AIRCRAFT ENGINE OF THE BROAD ARROW FORM.

In this arrangement, three rows each of six cylinders are fitted on a crank-case which is a one-piece casting with the nose-piece. There are six carburettors on this machine, each one serving a block of three cylinders.

complaints. The Home Office authoritatively disclaims the right of the police to threaten with a summons motorists who are legitimately using petrol for pleasure purposes. As the editor of the journal which has taken up the question points out in his letter to me, the matter is one of considerable importance, because, in the majority of cases, what is termed pleasure motoring is in reality in quite another category. It is as well, therefore, that motorists should understand that, whatever threats may be held over their heads by the police, they cannot be prosecuted for using petrol granted them by the Petrol Control

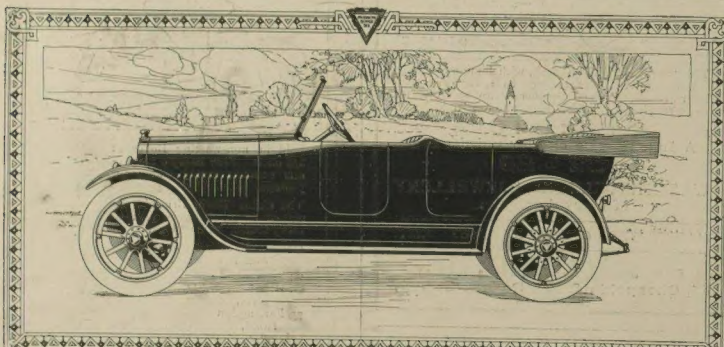


SHATTERED BY SHELL-FIRE: A BRITISH AMBULANCE.

This ambulance is one of a convoy presented to the British Ambulance Committee by "Lloyds." It is fitted with Duco spring gaiters, which, in spite of the ordeal the ambulance has had to face, are still in good condition. It was made by Brown Brothers, Ltd., of London and Manchester.

engine lubrication, which should be looked to with increased care, if trouble is to be avoided.

W. W.



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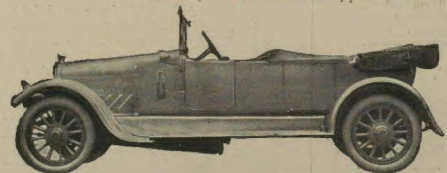
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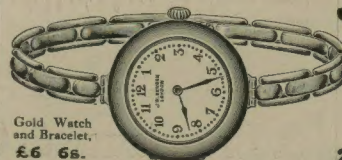
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